

J. W. Gates's Widow Dies At Age of 63

Succumbs to Stroke of Apoplexy in Apartment at Hotel Plaza

Only Maid Present When End Comes

Personally Managed Estate of Many Millions After Husband's Death

Mrs. Delfora E. Gates, widow of John W. Gates, financier and steel magnate, died here yesterday. She was sixty-three years old.

Mrs. Gates's death came suddenly at 2 o'clock in the morning, when she suffered an apoplexy stroke in her apartment in the Hotel Plaza. Only a maid was with her when the end came. Mrs. Gates had been in fairly good health, although on Wednesday she fell ill and sent for Dr. Fellows Davis who had been the Gates family physician for many years. There was then, however, nothing alarming in her condition.

Only two members of Mrs. Gates's immediate family survive her. They are: Edward J. Baker, of St. Charles, Ill., brother, and Miss Delfora E. Angell, of Lake Forest, Ill., niece. Both are in their way here from the West. Funeral plans have not been made.

Mrs. Gates's estate will total many millions. The exact size of her fortune will not be known until her will is filed, but some estimate of it may be had from the fact that she and her only son, Charles W. Gates, who died in 1912, received the bulk of the estate of John W. Gates when he died in Paris, in 1911. This was estimated then variously at between \$15,000,000 and \$35,000,000.

Since the death of her husband and son, Mrs. Gates had assumed full charge of her vast affairs and executed them with much of the keen business ability that distinguished her husband.

Among her interests were the Texas Company, the Moose Mountain, Ltd., an extensive iron ore property in Canada, and large oil holdings in Texas. She was also one of the largest stockholders in the United States Realty and Improvement Company, which owns the Hotel Plaza.

Mrs. Gates was born near St. Charles, Ill., September 24, 1855, the daughter of Edward and Martha Baker. As Delfora Roxanna Baker, she married John W. Gates in 1873. In 1897, when Mr. Gates, who had risen to a position of power in the steel industry and in the financial centers of the world, retired from active operations. He was quoted as saying, "Life is a gamble. Everything is a gamble."

It was upon that principle that he built his career and vast fortune. He was well known to his intimate associates as "Uncle Sam," and it was his business life he had considered his wife's advice and assistance absolutely essential.

Since Mr. Gates died in Paris, Mrs. Gates had passed considerable time in this city. Until war was declared she traveled extensively. She took an interest in many charitable institutions, although she avoided publicity in connection with them.

She was interested in the Hospital for Crippled and Ruptured Children, the New York City Hospital for Children, the Hospital for the Blind, the Y. M. C. A., Lafayette House, the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, and other New York institutions.

She founded the Memorial Library in the city of Port Arthur, Tex., in memory of John W. and Charles G. Gates, and took an active interest in the building of the Memorial Hospital, presented to Port Arthur by Mr. Gates in memory of his mother.

Mrs. Gates was a member of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church.

Patrolman and Two Firemen Save 11 Lives

Ten Children and Man Ill With Pneumonia Rescued at Ninth Avenue Blaze

Ten children, ranging in age from nine months to fifteen years, and a man ill with pneumonia, were rescued from a burning building yesterday afternoon by Patrolman John C. Dilz and Firemen Barry and Costello, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 12. The patrolman was burned slightly and partly overcome by smoke.

The fire was in the basement of a ten-story building at 74 Ninth Avenue. It was a small blaze, but it caused great clouds of black smoke to roll up through the building.

Mrs. Belle Schenck and her three children were in the second floor, and two other children were in the third. They were rescued by Patrolman John C. Dilz and Firemen Barry and Costello, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 12. The patrolman was burned slightly and partly overcome by smoke.

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Police Seek 2 Women In Trunk Murder Case

Ballaro Mystery Still Unsolved—Dead Man's Companion Not Found

For the fifth time in little more than thirty years New York has a trunk murder mystery that, like two of its predecessors, promises to defy all attempts of the police to untangle it. Although the police are satisfied that Joseph Ballaro, Brooklyn shoe repair man, whose body was found in a trunk at Grand and Mott streets, two blocks from Police Headquarters, shortly before midnight Tuesday, was killed to cover a robbery, they are mystified as to when and where or by whom the murder was committed.

Two of the former trunk murder mysteries which to this day remain unsolved were to all indications the work of Italians, with itinerant Jewish jewelry peddlers the victim in each instance. Of the trunk murders solved, one was that of a Captain Unger, convicted for killing a man and shipping his torso to Baltimore in a trunk after he had thrown the victim's head in the East River.

That several persons, including at least one woman and possibly two, were implicated in the Ballaro killing and the placing of the trunk containing the body almost at the door of Police Headquarters was the opinion of the police.

Detectives spent the greater part of yesterday in an effort to find the Italian who accompanied the peddler, Ballaro, to the Cranberry Street house in Brooklyn, where the victim had engaged a room a few hours earlier and who returned to the rooming house early on Wednesday morning, accompanied by a mysterious woman.

That this woman is not the Sarah Banta, or Blanton, whose name appeared in pencil upon a panel of the trunk was made certain by questioning Mrs. Marion Tharau, owner of the rooming house, who is acquainted with the Banta woman, but who has never before seen the woman who came to her place on Wednesday with Ballaro's man companion of the night before.

At once there was a rumor that they had put in an appearance and that blood was in their eyes and clubs in their hands. Telephonically the rumor was communicated to the Provost Marshal's office by a gentleman giving his name as "Captain Williams."

Rush of Provost Guard At once the provost guard sprang into vigilant life. Two patrols went clanking out through the leaky night. Another and more reckless detachment under Captain Don L. Montehi drove into the subway. They arrived—lived!

"The Subway Squad" make what it can of it. It is approximately the same time. And they found a hall decorated with more American flags than most of the provost guardsmen had ever seen before all in one place, and with more tobacco smoke in the air than ever collected under so many American flags, and through the general haze an ardently perspiring company of very, very young men and some fairly young women, sweetly, idyllically dancing.

While the "Carl Sahn Club Band" over and over and over again, more or less musically announced that "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry."

And what the provost guardsmen said was considerable and emphatic, but not intended for publication. A little later Major P. L. Thomas, commandant of the guard, looked in to make personally certain that all was indeed well, and he opined that he had never seen a pleasanter, quieter, more sociable little dance, and forthwith dismissed practically all of the fifty guardsmen who were on duty.

When last seen they declared that they were looking for "Captain Williams."

Don Red Paper Caps All of which cheered up the reds immensely, and at 8 o'clock practically everything in the hall had done a red paper cap. Julius Gerber lit a 25-cent cigar and said:

"Certainly there isn't any trouble. There never was any chance of trouble. I was just a little bit nervous at first, but I'm holding a meeting or having a speech to-night. This is simply the regular annual Thanksgiving dance of the party."

To tell, about the only real excitement at the hall followed the announcement that Governor Stephens had commuted the sentence of Thomas Montehi.

Shortly after midnight, Secretary Gerber mounted the platform, and after gaining the attention of most of the persons in the hall, shouted: "I am very glad to see you. Governor Stephens has pardoned Thomas Montehi."

Instantly there was a wild cheer. The orchestra started to play the "Marseillaise" and the crowd began to sing. The excitement continued for perhaps ten minutes. Then the ball picked up where it had left off.

There was a brown-eyed girl in a bright red blouse said to be a hooker-rose-plainclothes man. "Are you a Bolshevik?" And the plainclothes man said, "Sure, kid, ain't you?" And the girl said, "I'm not a Bolshevik, I'm a hooker-rose-plainclothes man." "Are you a hooker-rose-plainclothes man?" "Sure, kid, ain't you?" And the girl said, "I'm not a hooker-rose-plainclothes man, I'm a hooker-rose-plainclothes man."

There was just one thing missing, for an advertisement of wine, beer or liquor into the jail. Warden Johnson tried to fill this unavoidable void by placing bottles of beer and cigars on the table, which when they were turned with the labels on the outside, gave their contents an appearance not unlike that of St. Julien or St. Etienne.

When cigars and cigarettes were lighted there came the post-prandial program. Lack of diplomacy on the part of Sheriff Knott might have marred the whole affair, but Mr. Knott proved that he was not a fool. He is a "feels" Sheriff of New York County, he is not a tactless one. He did not begin his remarks with the usual, "I am glad to see you here to-day." "I am glad to see you here to-day," he said, "I am glad to see you here to-day."

For the members, one of their oldest made an address, which he had carefully typewritten and which was filled with the names of the warden and President Wilson.

Parrot Cries for Dead Mistress A woman about sixty years old, known as Mrs. Dolly Benner, was found dead in her home at 4124 Sackett Street, Brooklyn. Detective Charles Lowe, of the 90th Precinct police station, who lives near by, ran in and put out the fire, which appeared to have started from a coal stove in the range or from an oil stove.

He also turned in a fire alarm, but the fireman found little to do. An ambulance was called for the woman, but she died before it arrived. The woman always burned lamps in the house. The parrot refused to leave the house. It was able to say "Dolly!"

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Paper Caps Only Rest at Socialists' Thanksgiving Ball

Police Prepared for Busy Time at New Star Casino, but Nothing Happens

Fighting Men Barred One False Alarm of Soldiers and Sailors on March Brings Provost Guard

Five thousand Socialists gathered in Thanksgiving assemblage at the New Star Casino, Park Avenue and 107th Street, yesterday, and not a blow was struck, not a brick flung, not a window smashed, not a man beaten up. At 1 o'clock this morning, when the assemblage at length broke up, the celebrants trailed out into the pelting rain, they were still very heartily and sincerely giving thanks.

They thanked the police and they thanked the provost guard, and if there had been enough soldiers and sailors present to have made it worth while they would probably have thanked them, too. But soldiers and sailors were conspicuously absent.

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Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?

DEAR SIR:

Being that you were good enough to depict Vivian's happy little tale, I wonder if you will do the same with my sad one?

(THE IDEA FOLLOWS)

Betty

Dear Betty—Certainly—Am willing to try up to—CAB—

AND HE SAYS HE'LL BE DELIGHTED TO GO WITH YOU

THEN—THE DAY BEFORE HE CALLS UP TO TELL YOU THAT UNCLE SAM HAS ORDERED HIM AWAY

OH—H—H—GIRLS!—AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?

NOT!?

BM669/11

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WHITMAN'S COUNSEL Urges State-Wide Voting Machines

System Used in Some Cities Would Eliminate the Trouble, Says Gilbert

A. S. Gilbert, of counsel for Governor Whitman, in actions looking to a recount of the vote for Governor in the last election, said yesterday that the existing paper ballot method of voting is so cumbersome and permits of so many irregularities that he is in favor of a law compelling the general use of voting machines for the entire state.

"With proper supervision there ought never to be any trouble with the voting machines," said Mr. Gilbert. "A voting machine is simply a computing machine applied to voting. Buffalo and Rochester have used these machines for about twenty years, and the count is known half an hour after the polls close in those cities. Many cities using voting machines would not be without them if the officials in charge were not so afraid of the machine that they would rather pay for themselves in about three years, because of the vast saving effected in the printing of ballots and the handling of the polls."

"Here we are in the initial stages of a contest involving the correctness of the ballot count in New York and Bronx counties. With the precincts equipped with voting machines there would be nothing of the kind. In the Delahanty-McIntyre contest the irregularities were palpable. On the recount Delahanty gained so many votes that his minority of 800 was changed into a plurality of 800."

"During the course of the Delahanty-McIntyre trial I was informed that William D. Guthrie appeared before the trial justice on behalf of the Bar Association and Bar of this city, and protested the length of that trial had become a public scandal and was bringing the courts into disrepute, but neither the courts nor counsel was responsible for the delay, and they were powerless to remedy the situation. The fault lay wholly with the court of civil procedure, under which it is impossible to bring an action of this kind to a speedy conclusion."

"While voting machines might not eliminate all perplexities incident to a general election, I believe they would do much to bring an end to the conduct of honest and efficient methods to put our balloting system on a much better basis than it is at present."

Marine Local 594 Joins Newsdealers' Fight on Hearst

Steam Fitters' Union Passes Resolution Pledging Support to Paper Vendors

Marine Local 594, of the United Association of Steam Fitters, has decided to stand with the newsboys of New York City in their war against the Hearst newspapers for more satisfactory working conditions.

So eager to help the vendors were these laboring men that an election of officers was interrupted at a meeting of the 1,000 members at Beethen Hall yesterday to vote the newsboys their sympathy and assistance. A resolution was adopted pledging the support of the union.

The vendors' grievances were brought to the attention of the local by Andrew Stanton, the newsboys' leader, who stated that the managers of "The New York American" and "The Evening Journal," which papers, they alleged, were entirely to blame for the present plight of his associates, in refusing to grant them a larger profit, he said, and in forcing them to handle the papers in the face of the patriotic sentiment of the boys and old men and women in the trade simply could not meet the present high cost of living.

The organization, Walter Brown presiding, adopted this resolution: "Whereas, The newsboys of the City of New York desire to improve their living conditions and have requested the support of the union."

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Little Black Bear Causes Man's Death, Sets Park Agog

Molly, of the Zoo, Starting Out to Make Acquaintance of New York, Attracts Much Attention From Holiday Throng; Keeper Dies in Chase

There was no more thankful little bear than Molly in all Manhattan last night as she slept the sleep of the well-intentioned but misunderstood in her cage in the Central Park zoo. A friendly little bear Molly had been considered ever since the 22d Infantry sent her to the park from Governor's Island several weeks ago, and until Molly gave a demonstration yesterday nobody who had seen her dreamed what a rumpus seventy-five pounds of bear could make in a big place like Central Park.

For Molly got out and started to make friends with New York and before several thousand persons succeeded in getting her back in her cage. It might have proved a safe refuge had Captain Bourke been merely a policeman or merely a poet. But he also was an ex-soldier and he swarmed up like a bear on a tree, and he was at his heels with a baying cry.

Molly's Final Struggle He drove Molly to the extreme end of a branch whence there was no safe descent to any other, even for a nimble and desperate bear cub. Molly turned and growled at Captain Bourke. At the time on Molly's opinion of New York, Fifth Avenue and social ambitions dwindled rapidly. With a crowd of thousands baying at her heels, with motorists who blocked traffic to watch the hunt, honking discordantly and with blue-clad figures always in close pursuit, Molly was driven from tree to tree.

As she crossed a park drive she was hit by an automobile, which rolled over and over. Molly snarled and went on, picking out a tree which seemed to her to offer sanctuary. It might have proved a safe refuge had Captain Bourke been merely a policeman or merely a poet. But he also was an ex-soldier and he swarmed up like a bear on a tree, and he was at his heels with a baying cry.

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